Take a Picture,
It'll Last Longer
By Bubblegumclouds

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Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Angst with a Happy Ending, Bottom Jonathan, Embedded Images, Fanart, First Time, Fluff and Smut, Hand Jobs, Happy Ending, Hate Sex, Homophobia, Homophobic Language, Hurt/Comfort, Internalized Homophobia, Light Angst, M/M, Past Abuse, Photography, Sex, Sexual Inexperience, Smut, Top Steve
Language: English
Characters: (mentioned), Jonathan Byers, Steve Harrington, Will Byers
Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-10-28
Updated: 2017-10-28
Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:47:22
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 4,117
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Steve turns up to Jonathan's when he notices he's absent from Will's gathering. Feelings that have been bubbling to the surface finally come out and so does Steve.

(Angst into smut into fluff!)

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Author's Note:

I hope you all enjoy, I've had this written since the end of S1 coming out but I forgot about it, so I cleaned it up and quickly photoshopped an image for it!

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Jonathan lounged on his bed, sounds of The Clash's 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go?' rattling around the room. He'd made a mixtape for when his brother returned and he was currently making sure he hadn't forgotten any songs. The speakers weren't great, they couldn't go very loud and they made the voice especially flat but it reminded him of Will and that was really all that mattered. As he began paying specific attention to the lyrics he started thinking about positive things to try and steer his dark thoughts away. Unfortunately, any happy thoughts seemed to automatically lead to Steve. Eurgh. Steve Harrington with his perfect hair and his 'made for blowjob' lips. Every time that asshole spat his insults, all Jonathan could think

about was Steve tying him up and fucking him hard to get his frustrations out.

He was meant to be going to some town event for his brother but fuck that. He knew he'd turn up any day now. He just had to wait and everything would be fine. All it would be were people who had no idea who Will was, showing up for their own conscience. He couldn't bare all the people standing around pretending like they care when they're doing nothing to help. Jonathan checked the time, the gathering had just started which meant nobody would be in the house for at least another hour. Alone time meant music time. He cranked the speakers up as high as they would go and lay with his eyes closed, trying to relax.

He was just starting to drift off when he heard a knocking over the music, it was faint but it was still there. He opened one eye and checked the time again. It had only been ten minutes and as far as he was aware his mom would probably be staying out after doing god knows what. He wearily stepped off the bed, ran up to the speakers and turned the sound all the way down. The knocking sounded close to him. Almost like it was in the room. For a brief second his heart pounded at the thought that it could be Will coming home.

Not willing to take the risk though, he grabbed the closest weapon-like object in his clammy hands and stood poised in the middle of the room.
“Will?” Jonathan yelled and it was only once he spun to see the window that he sighed and dropped his weapon along with his fight stance. Behind the foggy, dirty glass was Steve in all his busted up glory. He looked like he'd been in a hell of a fight judging by the blood and bruises decorating his baby face. His hair was still perfect though, typical. Jonathan wondered why the hell Steve was outside his window, shouldn't he be fucking some girl or... checking his outfit?

Opening the window, it creaked and both boys cringed at the terrible sound ringing through their ears. Once the window was open enough Steve climbed in and landed on the floor with a slight thud. Getting up, he brushed himself off and stood staring at Jonathan, who couldn't believe he even had the nerve to show his face.

“Steve, what the fuck are you doing here?! Get out of my damn house.” Jonathan shouted as he pushed Steve back towards the window. Steve wasn't offended as he just let himself be pushed away, he seemed offbeat and something seemed strange. Jonathan didn't like it.
“You weren't at Will's gathering so I came to check on you,” Steve spoke with a raspy tone as he brushed himself off again, noticing the dust on his shoulders. Jonathan was convinced something had to be going on.
“Since when do you give a shit about me?” Jonathan asked as he watched Steve's every move, just anticipating the first punch. He had his fist in position at his side ready. This had to be some sort of prank, there was no way that after all he's done he'd suddenly started to care about anyone but himself and whatever girl he'd currently screwing.

“Since I was a dick to you because I was trying to look cool with those asshole friends. I get if you want me to go or you want to punch me, I'm just trying to help clean up the mess I made.” He said as he wiped some blood from his cheek and smudged it on his shirt instead.
“What happened to you?” Jonathan asked as he cringed at the wounds. Steve just laughed and shook his head.
“Fight as usual. So why weren't you at that thing earlier?” Steve changed the subject quickly which made Jonathan very suspicious. Steve didn't seem angry or riled up so maybe he knew he deserved it. That would explain the blood and the fact he just gave an open invitation for someone to punch him. When he came out of his trance, Steve was staring and clearly waiting for an answer.

“Just because... look, is this some sort of prank between you and your dickhead friends because I'm not in the fucking mood okay.” Jonathan snapped as he sat back down on the bed, fists clenching in anger that Steve even dare try and act like he cares. People can't suddenly change and genuinely mean it. At some point, they always went back to the way they were before because that's what bullies do. They feel guilty for a while until guilt isn't enough to warrant the effort they're putting in to be nice to a world they hate. Then they go back to calling everyone faggots. Simple.

“Okay, I'll go but I'm serious, I was a dick before and I know I was. 'm here to talk if you wanna.” A flash of sincerity flicked through Steve's eyes and Jonathan thought for a minute while Steve was swinging his legs over the window frame. He should really just let Steve go. A couple of words would never make up for the hell Steve made Jonathan's life. Then again, Steve was his crush, and if he pushed him away maybe it would jumpstart the 'getting back to normal, I hate the world' thing.
“Steve, wait,” Jonathan called out after him and Steve's head whipped around. His eyes seemed bright, kind of like they were when he was angry but lighter. It kind of seemed like... hope? Jonathan got up and extended a hand to help Steve back in, fully expecting him to slap it away. Much to his surprise (and slight enjoyment) Steve took it with a small grin and climbed back over.

They were both sat on the bed just waiting for one of them to speak when Jonathan got up.
“Would you like a beer?” Jonathan offered as maybe alcohol would relax his constant on edge feeling and Steve nodded.
“Yeah, thanks,” Steve replied as Jonathan wandered into the kitchen, reappearing with beers in both hands. They sat and drank without talking until Steve noticed the speakers.
“Do you mind?” Steve gestured to the music and Jonathan nodded. Usually, he would never let anyone but him or Will even breathe near his music collection but his usual judgment was clouded in favour of sneaking a glance at Steve's magnificent ass.

“Go ahead.” Jonathan quickly looked down at his beer and Steve smiled as he stood next to the speakers and read through Jonathan's mixtapes.
“I liked your taste from what I heard down the street,” Steve joked as he turned the volume up gradually until it was at a comfortable setting. Steve began tapping along to the music with a finger on his thigh and bobbing his head when he sat down. Jonathan couldn't help but think it was adorable the way that one bit of hair was bobbing and hitting his forehead. The way Steve's lips looked as he mouthed the words along with the music had his skin suddenly rising in temperature.

Jonathan reached his arm out to change the song and his breath

caught in his throat when Steve grabbed his hand.
“Leave it, I like this song.” He smiled as Jonathan sat with wide eyes, unable to speak through shock. He nodded and sat back, placing his hand on his leg. Steve's fingers were still gripped on and after a few lines of the song he had gotten the courage to lace them together. Jonathan couldn't quite believe this was happening but he didn't want to move or speak for fear of ruining the moment. He was terrified that Steve was going to realise what he was doing and start screaming insults. Either that or this was just a joke and then Steve would go spreading around to the whole town that Jonathan Byers is a raging faggot. Just when Jonathan thought maybe it was time to say something, Steve's hand unclasped with Jonathan's sweaty palm. This was it, the moment of Steve's realisation.

Jonathan was about to panic however Steve hit away Jonathan's hand from his leg and placed his hand on Jonathan's thigh. His large palm was spread over the jeans and Jonathan could barely breathe he was so nervous. He kept trying to side eye Steve but he could tell Steve hadn't dared look at him. After about a minute of psyching himself up, Jonathan's head turned to Steve. He was surprised the beer bottle hadn't shattered with how intensely Steve was staring at it. One thumb was rubbing at the seam's of Jonathan's jeans and Jonathan could almost hear Steve's thoughts. After the song finished and the room went quiet Steve finally looked up.

Their eyes met and Jonathan could tell how scared Steve was, this was clearly very new to him. Jonathan realised that this couldn't have been easy for him. Spending your whole life gay bashing must make you start to believe it for yourself at some point. His cheeks burned as Steve's eyes flickered between Jonathan's eyes and lips almost as if he was asking permission to kiss him. Steve got his answer when Jonathan leaned in slowly. The kiss started as a gentle press and gradually their lips were parted and they caught on to where this was heading. Their tongues were sliding against one another and Jonathan felt the hand on his thigh gradually sliding up his leg. It was all moving so fast but it felt so damn good and he wanted so badly to moan as he grew hard in his jeans.

“Steve, a-are we really doing this?” Jonathan's voice trailed but he could tell that if Steve stopped to realise what he was doing he'd run

a mile. Jonathan just shook his head as dismissal and threaded his hands into Steve's hair as Steve guided him down on the bed. Their beer bottles were quickly discarded in favour of running their hands all over each other. Steve was the first to make a move as he tugged at the bottom of Jonathan's shirt which was quickly thrown across the room. Steve began kissing harshly at Jonathan's neck and leaving hickeys to mark him up. His teeth sunk in and left Jonathan whimpering at the pain mixed with the pleasure of being surrounded by just... Steve. His scent was musky and very slightly fruity and his skin was so unbelievably soft. Jonathan gripped Steve's hair tightly and tugged gently. He felt the pants of pleasure on his neck as he did.

“Jesus fuck Steve.” Jonathan groaned as Steve began to slowly grind against him. Steve came up from Jonathan's neck to kiss him again but at this point, their kisses were more just the panting into each other's mouths but they didn't care. Jonathan pulled Steve's top off and immediately ran his hands all over him. He was toned and tanned and the way his muscles moved was fucking beautiful. Steve noticed Jonathan staring.

“Take a picture, it'll last longer,” Steve commented jokingly as he worked on undoing Jonathan's fly.
“C-Can I?” Jonathan stuttered as he looked up at Steve with those bright, lustful eyes. Jonathan knew the second the words left his mouth that he'd way overstepped his mark. They both stopped for a second and Jonathan was already hugely regretting it, however, Steve sighed and nodded. Jonathan couldn't quite believe he'd actually said yes, he must be in real deep. Jonathan got up and grabbed his camera, he moved a chair and sat the camera on it. He messed around with it until he was satisfied.
“J-Just try and i-ignore it,” Jonathan said as Steve began kissing him the second he got back on the bed.

Finally, they were both in their underwear and still grinding on each other. Their boxers were stained with precome and they were both getting way too desperate to still have any clothes on.
“W-Wanna fuck you,” Steve said as he started another attack on Jonathan's neck. It took a minute for an answer as Steve's warm, wet tongue was dancing over the marks he'd left and it made Jonathan's cock twitch.

“O-Okay, do you have everything?” Jonathan asked and Steve pulled away, much to the disappointment of Jonathan.
“I-I think so,” He said as he scrambled to find his jeans and pull out a bottle of lube and a condom. He looked at them before averting his gaze to the floor.
“I-I honestly, um, don't know how this works,” Steve said as he started to blush and Jonathan couldn't believe that fuckboy Steve Harrington was stuck on something to do with sex. Jonathan removed his boxers and Steve did the same, placing the lube on the bed. Jonathan began to guide Steve.

“Um, okay, just put some over your fingers but not all of it,” Jonathan explained and Steve messily coated his fingers in lube. The bottle was sliding everywhere and there was lube on the duvet but it was one step closer to sex.
“R-Right okay, just, um c-come here,” Jonathan said and Steve moved to hover over him like before. They began to kiss again and Steve moved his hand down between Jonathan's legs.

“F-First, oh fuck, j-just circle the h-hole. T-Then slowly put o-one, mmm, finger in.” Jonathan moaned as Steve circled his hole carefully. Jonathan gripped on to Steve's huge arms and found comfort in the way his muscles clenched and shifted. Jonathan had always found beauty in the way people's bodies move. The kissing was messy but Steve was trying to concentrate on his fingers. Jonathan felt a prodding at his hole and tried to relax as Steve pushed his finger in but it was difficult to as Steve was moving way too fast.

“Hey, woah, ouch, maybe um slow down a, fuck, little.” Jonathan cringed as his hole was slightly burning from the sudden stretch.
“O-Oh, ha, um sorry, I-I'm used to being with girls,” Steve awkwardly apologised and Jonathan pressed a quick kiss to Steve's lips.
“I-It's okay, just move slower, a-and give me a bit of time to adjust,” Jonathan explained and Steve nodded.
“Got it,” Steve said as he very carefully pushed his finger the rest of the way in and paused.
“I-Is that okay?” He asked and Jonathan smiled at how vulnerable Steve was when he was lost or scared.

He dragged Steve down for a kiss as a reply and after a few seconds,

Steve began moving his finger. Once Jonathan felt it against his walls he groaned and threw his head back. Steve saw this as an invitation to bury his face into Jonathan's neck and start the rhythm.
“O-Oh yeah, fuck, S-Steve.” Jonathan moaned as Steve's finger moved steadily in and out. Jonathan's eyebrows were knitted together in concentration as he was trying not to bust too quickly. Steve caught on quickly and added a second finger slowly like he had with the first.
“A-Am I doing good?” Steve asked breathlessly, Jonathan smiled as he brushed a bit of hair away from Steve's face. He pressed their foreheads together as Steve moved his fingers.

“Y-You're doing great. J-Just spread them apart a bit.” Jonathan whispered as he began to fuck down on Steve's fingers. He scissored them apart and groaned at how tight and hot Jonathan felt, his walls twitching around Steve's fingers. Jonathan couldn't wait much longer.
“O-Okay, I can't, need you now please,” Jonathan whimpered and Steve stopped.
“Oh, o-okay yeah,” He said as he slowly pulled his fingers away. He fumbled around as he picked up the condom and tried to open it, the packet slipping around in his fingers as he laughed.
“God damn it.” Steve joked, nervousness and awkwardness lacing his tone as his eyes flickered up to see how impatient Jonathan was getting.

“Steve, calm down. Let me.” Jonathan took the condom from Steve and carefully opened it. He looked into Steve's eyes as he placed it at the head and rolled it on slowly. Steve couldn't help but allow his eyes to slip shut at the relief of finally being touched as Jonathan's delicate fingers had him clenching his fists.
“You ready?” Jonathan asked nervously, his expression serious and his eyes glued to Steve's flushed face.
“Y-Yeah, of course.” Steve swallowed as he sent the smallest glimpses of a smile Jonathan's way and before Jonathan could question further Steve was kissing him while placing his dick at Jonathan's hole. Steve paused for a second and Jonathan was almost certain he'd reached his limit until finally, he pushed himself in. Jonathan's head collapsed back into the pillow as he gasped and his eyes squeezed shut. The only noise coming from Steve was the occasional grunts until he was fully buried in Jonathan's deliciously tight body. Steve finally let his

eyes open and his body relax a little but he panicked when he saw the state of Jonathan.

“O-Oh, are you o-okay? I mean, I-I can pull out if you-”
“No. Just, remember what I said, you're gonna need to-”
“Give you a minute, right.”
The room fell silent as Jonathan could still feel the slight pain that came with Steve's dick splitting his ass in two and Steve just terrified something was going to go wrong.

“Okay, I'm good.” Jonathan smiled hesitantly and Steve leant down, pressing their sweaty forehead's together while slowly dragging his hips. The mixture of Steve's hot breath fanning over his overheated skin and the sweet pleasure of being so full had Jonathan writhing under the overwhelming weight of it all. Steve couldn't help but briefly watch the way Jonathan's face contorted as he practically vibrated underneath him.

“I-Is there like a-a spot that I should be, you know, going for?” Steve gritted out from between his clenched teeth.
“I-It's a prostate, j-just- fuck- just angle until you,” Jonathan was panting as he could feel himself getting closer which was something he definitely didn't want. Steve began to thrust faster as Jonathan's hands gripped on to his biceps to ground him. He couldn't believe that Steve Harrington was on top of him, fucking him and trying to reach his- oh.

“Fuck, yes, Steve right there, r-right- oh,” Jonathan babbled as Steve hit his prostate and his back arched with the intensity.
“Jesus Byers,” Steve groaned as Jonathan clenched around his throbbing dick, surrounding him with the most insane pressure. His thighs were shaking with how hard he was thrusting but the way Jonathan was moving in his arms made him desperate to never stop. Jonathan could see his dick twitching between them, leaking strings of precome from his slit and he knew he was going to come soon, he just hoped it wasn't before Steve.

Unfortunately, Steve decided that he was going to lean down and kiss Jonathan hard while wrapping a fist around his dick. Jonathan couldn't warn him and it was just seconds before he spurted his come between them. He rushed his hands down to try and stop it but it was

too late and he felt too damn good to do anything more than lie back, letting the waves roll over him. His mouth fell open in a litany of pants and groans that sounded vaguely like Steve's name. Steve watched and despite denying his softer side to anyone and everyone, he was unable to believe how someone could look so cinematic while simply having sex.

“F-Fuck, I'm so sorry. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, carry on, please?” Jonathan repeated, ashamed at how fast he lost it as he let Steve continue despite slight winces of oversensitivity. It was only a few more thrusts before Steve buried his face in Jonathan's neck and gripped his hips tight enough to leave bruises. He called out moans while twitching and spilling his load into the condom, his hips pressed flush against Jonathan's ass.

The room fell silent yet again, neither of them knowing quite what to do or say as they both seemed so unreadable to each other, Steve's face buried away and Jonathan's staring plainly at the wall with a mixture of calmness and embarrassment. It was only when Steve started to pull out that Jonathan registered the wetness gathering on his chest, it wasn't sweat or cum, it was tears.

“Steve?” Jonathan whispered, trying not to sound as surprised as he was. Steve didn't answer except all of a sudden now there were soft whimpers filling the air and Steve's body was pressed completely against Jonathan's despite the mess of cum. Jonathan snaked his arms around Steve, holding him steady as there wasn't a whole lot more he could do.
“I-I'm a faggot, I'm just a sissy faggot.” Steve sobbed, his voice cracking as he sniffled into Jonathan's shoulder.
“Hey, I-I'm a faggot too, I mean it's not all bad.” Jonathan laughed a little and from the bursts of air that unexpectedly misted over his skin, Steve did too. He pulled away and got up, turning immediately so Jonathan couldn't see his face, still coated in bruises and even more red from the unexpected onslaught of tears.

“Steve, come here,” Jonathan muttered kindly after hurriedly wiping down his chest with a stray t-shirt from the floor.
“N-No, I-I,” Steve started to protest but the safety net of Jonathan's arms was too much of a magnet to resist and he fell into them.
“Your dad did this to you didn't he?” Jonathan asked, slightly

concerned about the reaction it would arouse but too sure of it to let it go unmentioned.
“What?”
“The beating, your dad did it right?” Jonathan repeated and Steve sighed, he didn't use words but that was enough of an answer for Jonathan to read into.

“Don't you ever let him call you that again, don't even let him touch you, do you hear me?” Steve was surprised by the outburst, it was a little out of Jonathan's character to be so stern and harsh but part of Steve took comfort in it.
“I won't.” Steve made an unsaid promise and he planned to stick to it.
“Good, because you may be an idiot, but you're a good damn idiot, Steve Harrington,” Jonathan said, his voice slightly fuelled with emotion and it stole his heart when he heard Steve laugh slightly.
“A good damn idiot, I should put that on a t-shirt.” Steve retorted, letting his hands stroke and savor the touch of Jonathan's skin as he held him.

The next day Jonathan was in the darkroom as early as possible, developing the film from his and Steve's night together. He was certain none of them would be in focus or even positioned right but any memory of Steve so pliant in his arms was worth the try. He placed the strips under the lightbox until he picked one he thought looked decent enough to try, he had been right in that most of the images were pretty much useless. This one though, it held something. He gently placed it in the enlarger and focussed it, when it evolved into the crisp, sharp image Jonathan gasped. Steve was kissing Jonathan harshly, both their faces almost covered by the angle but their passion was so evident and Jonathan couldn't believe that it was so true to the moment. He was near scrambling to get his paper and he took an unusual amount of care washing it through the chemicals but once it was printed he hung it up to dry.

At the end of the day, he collected it and slid it neatly into the envelope he had bought. Inside it was a note,
'Steve,
you're a good damn idiot.
-J'
Smiling, he tucked it carefully into Steve's locker and beamed as he

walked out, his own copy placed safely away.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed the writing and the image as this is my first time including some visual! Please leave kudos and comments!

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